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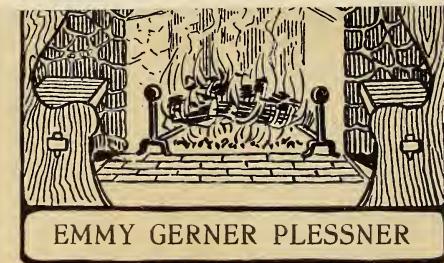
# SONGS FROM FAUST



FAUST

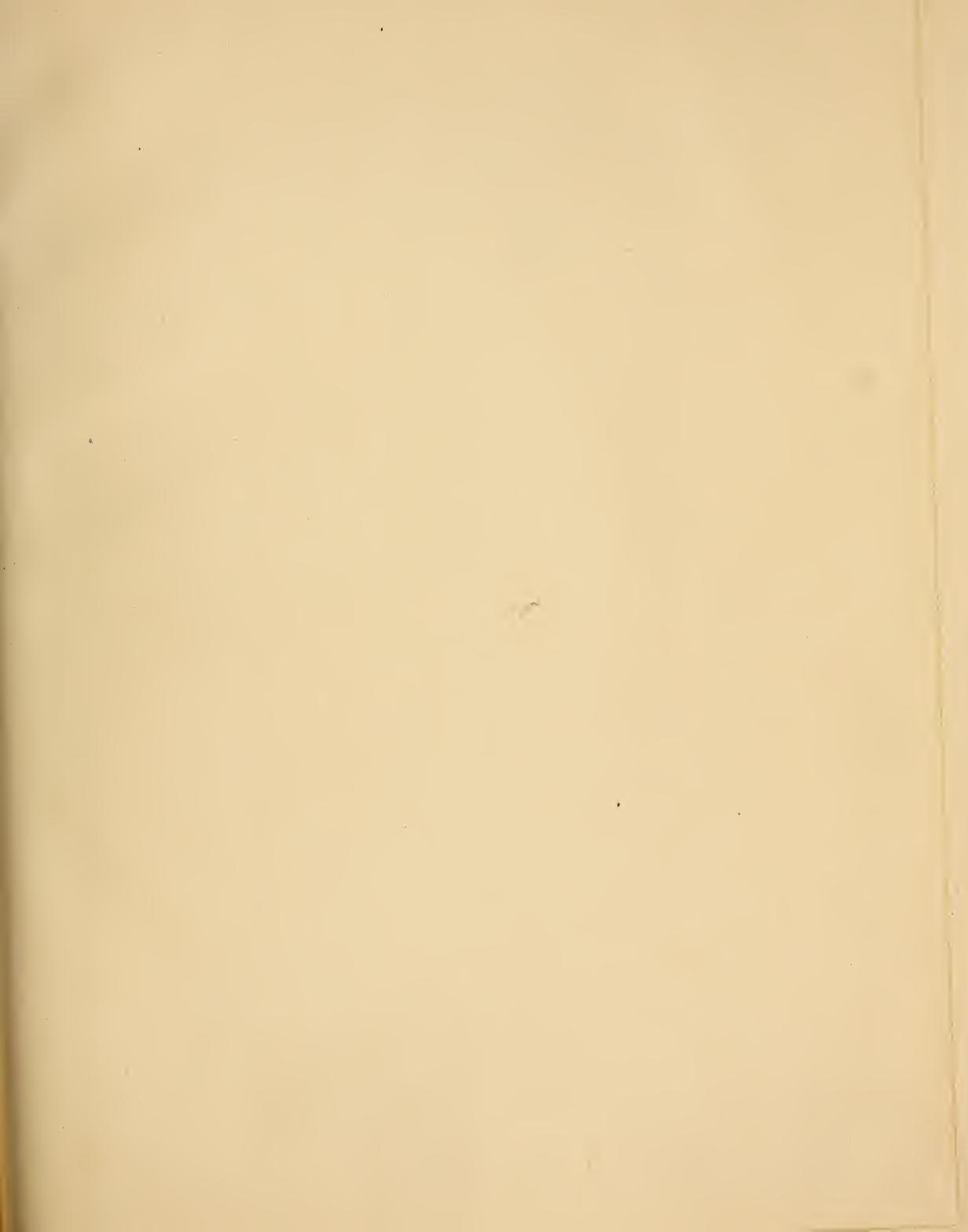
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## SONGS FROM THE GREAT POETS.

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1. SONG OF THE BROOK . . . . TENNYSON.
2. SONG OF THE BELL . . . . SCHILLER.
3. SONGS FROM FAUST . . . . GOETHE.

---

*TO BE FOLLOWED BY*

SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS . . . LONGFELLOW.

SONG OF THE RIVER . . . . KINGSLEY.

SONGS OF THE ECHOES . . . .  
MILTON.  
BEN JONSON.  
TENNYSON.





MARGARET.

*If, dear, I look on thee alone,  
What can thy mere wish not compel me to?*

# SONGS AND SCENES

FROM

*Johann Wolfgang von*

# GOETHE'S FAUST.

ILLUSTRATED

FROM DESIGNS BY A. LIEZEN MAYER AND AD. LALAUZE.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE T. ANDREW AND OTHERS.



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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

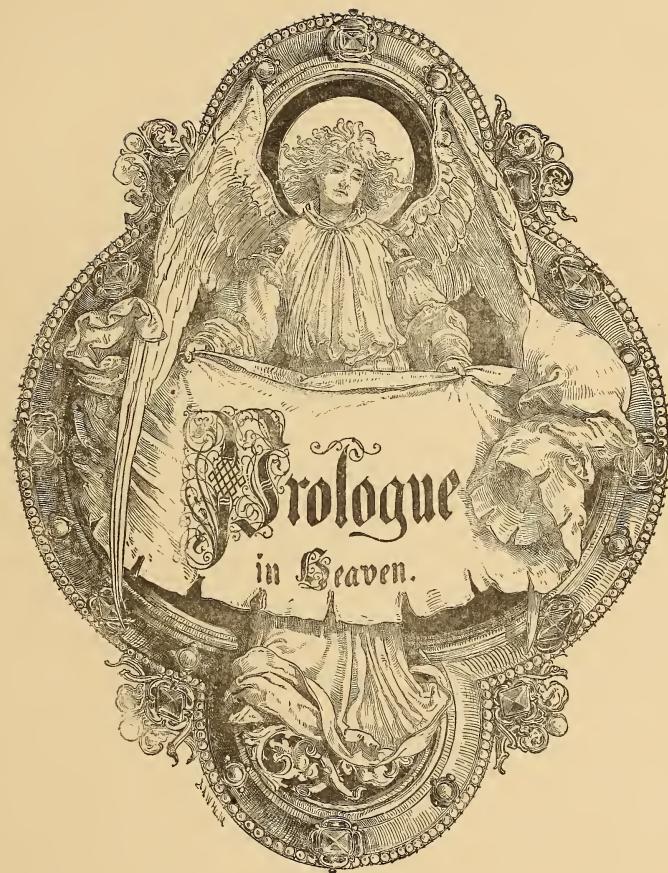
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SONGS AND SCENES  
FROM  
GOETHE'S FAUST.

---

THE LORD.—THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.—*Afterwards, MEPHISTOPHELES.*

THE THREE ARCHANGELS *come forward.*

RAPHAEL.

The sun in chorus, as of old,  
With brother spheres is sounding still,  
And, on its thunderous orbit rolled,  
Doth its appointed course fulfil.

GABRIEL.

And swift, beyond conceiving swift,  
The earth is wheeling onward; mark!  
From dark to light its surface shift,  
From brightest light to deepest dark!

MICHAEL.

And battling storms are raging high  
From shore to sea, from sea to shore,  
And radiate currents, as they fly,  
That quicken earth through every pore.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, amongst us com'st once **more**,  
To ask how things are getting forward here,  
And Thou hast commonly been kind before,  
I at thy levee with the rest appear.

THE LORD.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! Doctor Faust?

THE LORD.

My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thy servant? Well, his service may be fervent,  
But it is surely of the strangest kind.  
Not upon earth, the fool! is he  
Content his food or drink to find;  
He would be soaring far and free,  
In hopes to clutch Immensity.

THE LORD.

Though now he serve me stumblingly, the hour  
Is nigh, when I shall lead him into light.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager? If you only let  
Me lead him without hindrance my own way,  
I'll answer for it, you shall lose him yet!

THE LORD.

So long as on the earth he lives, you may  
Your snares for him and fascinations set.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For this you have my thanks; for I protest,  
That with dead men I never cared to deal.

THE LORD.

Enough, 'tis granted!



SCENE: NIGHT.

*\*A lofty, vaulted, narrow, Gothic chamber.—  
FAUST seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

All that philosophy can teach,  
The craft of lawyer and of leech,  
I've mastered, ah! and sweated through  
Theology's dreary deserts, too,  
Yet here, poor fool! for all my lore,  
I stand no wiser than before.  
So myself to magic I've vowed to give,  
And see, if through spirit's might and tongue  
The heart from some mysteries cannot be wrung;

Ye spirits, ye are hovering near,  
If ye can hear me, answer me!

(*Throws open the book, and discovers the sign of the Macrocosm.*)

Ha! as it meets my gaze, what rapture, gushing  
Through all my senses, mounts into my brain!

The lamp's gone out. The air  
Grows thick and close! Red flashes play  
Around me. From the vaulted roof  
A shuddering horror creeps  
And on me lays its gripe!  
Spirit by me invoked, I feel  
Thou'rt hovering near,—thou art, thou art!

Unveil thyself!

Ha! What a tugging at my heart!  
Stirred through their depths, my senses reel  
With passions new and strange! I feel,  
My heart is thine, thine wholly! Hear!

Thou must! ay, though it cost my life, thou must appear!

SPIRIT.

Who calls on me?

FAUST (*turning away.*)

Dread vision gaunt!

SPIRIT.

By potent art thou'st dragged me here.

FAUST.

I loathe thee. Hence, avaunt!



All hail, thou priceless phial, which I here  
Take from thy self with reverential hand !  
Thou quintessence of all the juices bland,  
That drowse the brain with slumber.  
Now do I pledge this draught, my last best care,  
In festive greeting, and with all my soul,  
To the day-dawn, shall hail me otherwhere !

*(Raises the goblet to his lips. Pealing of bells, and choral song.)*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended !  
Hail the glad token,  
True was it spoken,  
Sin's fetters are broken,  
Man's bondage is ended !

FAUST.

What deepening hum is this, what silver chime,  
Drags from my lips perforce the cup away ?  
Ye booming bells, do you proclaim the time  
Once more begun of Easter's festal day ?

SONG OF THE HOLY WOMEN.

With myrrh and with aloes  
We balmed and we bathed Him,  
Loyally, lovingly,  
Tenderly swathed Him;  
With cerecloth and band  
For the grave we arrayed Him;  
But oh, He is gone  
From the place where we laid Him!

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!  
The love that possessed Him,  
The pangs that oppressed Him,  
To prove and to test Him,  
In triumph have ended.

FAUST.

Ye heavenly strains, potent yet soothing, why  
Seek ye out me, a crawler in the dust?

Now memories sweet,  
Fraught with the feelings of my childhood's prime,  
From the last step decisive stay my feet.  
Oh peal, sweet heavenly anthems, peal as then!  
Tears flood mine eyes, earth has her child again.

THE SONG OF THE DISCIPLES.

He that was buried on high has ascended;  
There lives in glory, sublimely attended.

In heaven whilst He reigneth,  
For us Who was slain here,  
On earth we, His chosen,  
To suffer remain here,—  
To suffer and languish  
Midst pain and ahnoy;  
Lord, in our anguish, we envy Thy joy.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

From the lap of corruption,  
Lo! Christ has ascended!  
Rejoice, for the fetters,  
That bound you, are rended!  
Praise Him unceasingly, love one another,  
Break bread together, like  
Sister and brother!  
Preach the glad tidings  
To all who will hear you,  
So will the Master be evermore near you!



*Vision of Faust.*

SCENE: BEFORE THE TOWN GATE.

*Promenaders of all kinds pass out.*

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

Towns, with loud defiance sent  
Down from tower and battlement;  
Maidens, rosy as the morn,  
Flashing round them looks of scorn,  
These alike for us have charms.  
Sound alike the cry, "To arms!"  
When such glorious prizes call us,  
Death nor danger can appal us.

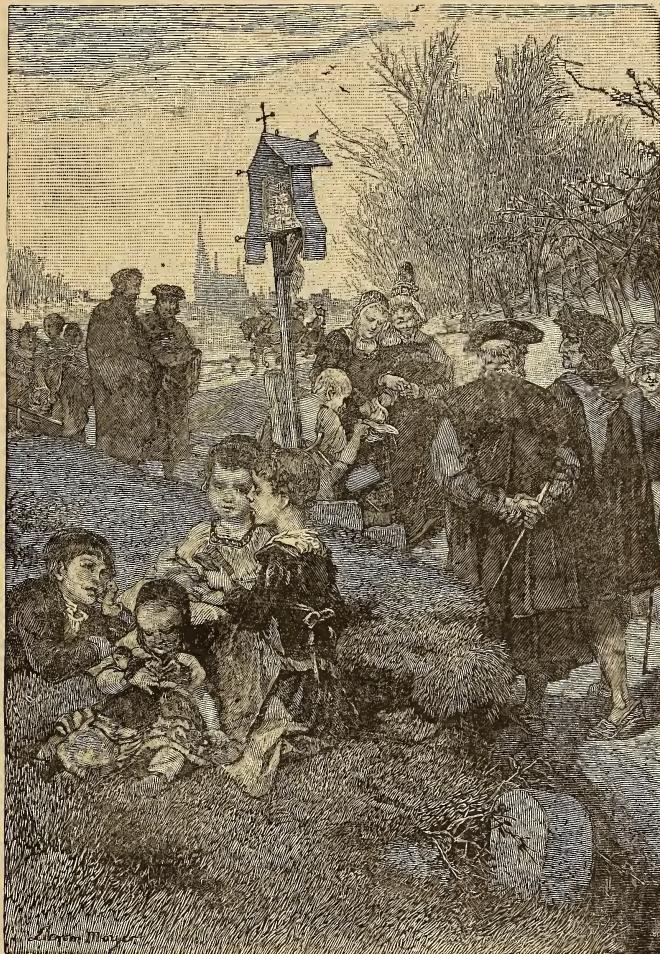
When we hear the trumpets blow,  
On to death or bliss we go!  
What is like the soldier's trade?  
What can match such escalade?  
Forted towns, and maidens tender  
Must alike to us surrender.  
When such glorious prizes call us,  
Death nor danger can appal us.

FAUST.

Here is the people's true heaven. With hearty glee,  
Little and great, how they shout and cheer!  
Here I am man, here such dare be.

OLD PEASANT.

Indeed this is most kindly done,  
To mingle in our mirth to-day.



*Faust at the Merrymaking.*

SCENE: FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST.

Now shall ye hear me, whatever ye are,  
Conjure with a spell more potent by far.

Com'st thou here, from hell's confine  
A fugitive, behold this sign,  
Holy emblem, 'neath whose power  
All the fiends of darkness cower!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*comes forward, as the mist subsides, in the dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove*).

What is the use of all this mighty stir?  
Can I in anything oblige you, sir?

FAUST.

So this, then, was the kernel of the brute!  
A travelling scholar? Here's a pleasant jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned worship humbly I salute.  
You gave me a fine sweating, I protest.

FAUST.

What is thy name?  
Speak, then! Who art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of the power, that still  
Produces good, while still devising Ill.



FAUST.

So even Hell has got its legal code. 'Tis well.  
Then with you gentlemen a fast  
And binding contract may be made?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, and implicitly obeyed.  
Whate'er is promised you by us  
You to the letter shall enjoy,  
Without abatement or alloy.  
Let me go now, I 'll soon return,  
And then ask what you like of me.

FAUST.

Agreed! you have my leave,—but mind,  
Your sleights are of the pleasing kind!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Within this hour, my friend, be sure,  
You for your senses shall procure  
More than you heretofore have found  
Within the year's unvaried round.  
The songs my dainty spirits sing,  
The lovely visions which they bring,  
Are no mere empty glamour, no!  
Your very smell entranced shall be,  
Your palate lapped in ecstasy,  
Your every nerve with rapture glow.  
No preparation here we need.  
We 're in our places, so proceed!

SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

Disappear, disappear, ye dark arches drear!  
Let the blue sky of heaven look down on us here,  
Heaven's sons, bright in the spirit's arraying,  
In hovering flight are bending and swaying.  
Souls with a passionate upward aspiring,  
View them, pursue them, soaring untiring!  
And ribbons gay are flashing and gleaming,  
Where lovers stray, musing and dreaming,  
Stray on by grove and meadow, requiting  
Love with return of love, life for life plighting!  
Bower on bower shining! Tendrils entwining!  
Grapes in huge clusters piled up profuse,  
Under the winepress spouting their juice.  
Seething and foaming, wines gush into rills,  
O'er the enamelled stones rush from the hills,  
Broaden to lakes, that reflect from their sheen  
Mountains and brakes, that are mantled in green.  
And birds of all feather, pure rapture inhaling,  
Sunwards are sailing, sailing together,  
On to the isles, that lie smiling and dreaming,  
Where the bright billows are rippling and gleaming;  
Where we see jocund bands dance on before us,  
Over the meadow-lands shouting in chorus,  
All to the sources of life pressing onward,  
Flushed by the forces that carry them sunward;  
On to the measureless spaces above them,  
On where the stars bless the spirits that love them.

SCENE: AUERBACH'S CELLAR AT LEIPZIG.

*A Drinking Party of Boon Companions.*

THE SONG OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

A king there was, be't noted,  
Who had a lusty flea,  
And on this flea he doted,  
And loved him tenderly.  
A message to the tailor goes,  
Swift came the man of stitches;  
"Ho, measure the youngster here for clothes,  
And measure him for breeches!"

In silk and satin of the best  
Soon was the flea arrayed there,  
Ribbons had he upon his breast,  
Likewise a star displayed there;  
Prime minister anon he grew,  
With star of huge dimensions,  
And his kindred, male and female too,  
Got titles, rank, and pensions.

And lords and ladies, high and fair,  
Were grievously tormented;  
Sore bitten the queen and her maidens were,  
But they did not dare resent it.  
They even were afraid to scratch,  
Howe'er our friends might rack them,  
But we without a scruple catch,  
And when we catch we crack them.



*The Song of Mephistopheles.*

SCENE: STREET.

FAUST, MARGARET (*passing along*).

FAUST.

My pretty lady, permit me, do,  
My escort and arm to offer you !

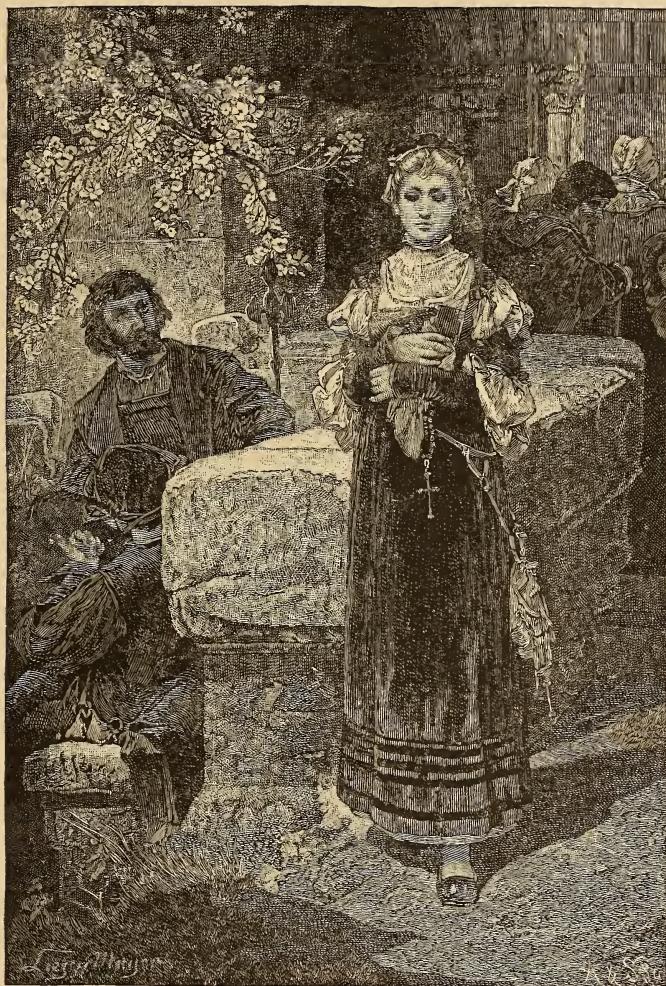
MARGARET.

I'm neither a lady, nor pretty, and so  
Can home without an escort go.

(*Breaks away from him and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven, this girl is lovely ! Ne'er  
Have I seen anything so fair.  
She is so pure, so void of guile,  
Yet something snappish, too, the while.  
Her lips' rich red, her cheeks' soft bloom,  
Will haunt me to the day of doom !  
The pretty way she droops her eyes  
Has thrilled my heart in wondrous wise ;  
Her short sharp manner, half in fright  
'T was charming, fascinating quite !



*Margaret returning from Church.*

(To MEPHISTOPHELES, *who enters.*)

Hark, you must get that girl for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Get you that girl? Which do you mean?

FAUST.

She that went by but now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What? She?

She has to her confessor been,  
Who gave her—he could scarce do less—  
Full absolution; I was there,  
Lying ensconced behind his chair.  
Though she had nothing to confess,  
Nothing whatever, to him she went,  
Poor thing, she is so innocent.  
Over that girl I have no power.

FAUST.

Provide me with some present straight,  
Which may her fancy captivate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents? Oh rare! He's sure to make a hit.  
Full many a famous place I know,  
And treasures buried long ago.  
Well! I must look them up a bit.



*Margaret at Confession.*

MARGARET (*enters with a lamp*).

(*Begins to sing as she undresses herself.*)

In Thule dwelt a King, and he  
Was leal unto the grave;  
A cup to him of the red red gold  
His leman dying gave.

He quaffed it to the dregs, whene'er  
He drank among his peers,  
And ever, as he drained it down,  
His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told  
His kingdom's cities up,  
Gave all his wealth unto his heir,  
But with it not the cup.

He sat and feasted at the board,  
His knights around his knee,  
Within the palace of his sires,  
Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,  
A long last breath he drew,  
And down the cup he loved so well  
Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,  
Down, down into the sea,  
And, as he gazed, his eyes grew dim,  
Nor ever again drank he.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes and discovers the casket of jewels.*)



*The Jewel Casket.*

SCENE: GARDEN.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Stay.

*(She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the petals, one after the other.)*

FAUST.

What is this? A nosegay?

MARGARET.

No! Only a game.

FAUST.

A game?

MARGARET.

You 'll mock me — Go!

FAUST.

What is it thou art murmuring? What?

MARGARET.

He loves me, loves me not.

FAUST.

I guess.

Angelic creature!

MARGARET.

Loves me not,

Loves me — not — he loves me!

FAUST.

Yes!

Let what this flower has told thee be  
A revelation as from heaven to thee!  
Speak to me, dearest! Dost thou comprehend  
All that these simple words portend?  
He loves me!



*The Flower Oracle.*

MARGARET.

I am all a-tremble!

FAUST (*seizes both her hands*).

Oh, do not tremble! Let this look,  
This pressure of the hand, proclaim to thee  
What words can never speak; what bids us now  
Surrender soul and sense, to feel  
A rapture which must be eternal?  
Eternal, for its end would be despair!  
No, no, no end! No end!

SCENE: MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET (*at her spinning-wheel alone*).

My peace is gone, my heart is sore;  
'T is gone forever and evermore.  
Where he is not, is the grave to me,  
The whole world 's changed, ah, bitterly.  
I sit and I ponder one only thought,  
My senses wander, my brain 's distraught.  
My peace is gone, my heart is sore;  
'T is gone forever and evermore.  
From my window to greet him I gaze all day,  
I stir out, if meet him I only may.  
His noble form, his bearing high,  
His mouth's sweet smile, his mastering eye;  
And the magic flow of his talk, the bliss  
In the clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!  
My peace is gone, my heart is sore;  
'T is gone forever and evermore.  
For him doth my bosom cry out and pine;  
Oh, if I might clasp him, and keep him mine!  
And kiss him, kiss him, as fain would I,  
I'd faint on his kisses, yes, faint and die!



*Margaret at the Spinning-wheel.*

SCENE: AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MARGARET *and* BESSY *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

What! Barbara? Not heard the news of her?

MARGARET.

Not I. Across the door I rarely stir.

BESSY.

Oh, never doubt it!  
To-day Sibylla told me all about it!  
She's made a rare fool of herself at last.  
This comes of her fine airs and flighty jinks!

MARGARET (*going home*).

What railing once rose to my lip,  
If any poor girl made a slip!  
My tongue hard words could scarcely frame  
Enough to brand another's shame.  
It looked so black, that blacken it  
How'er I might, they seemed unfit  
To stamp its blackness infinite.  
I blessed myself and my nose up tossed,  
And now I, too, in sin am lost.  
And yet,—and yet—alas! the cause,  
God knows, so good, so dear, it was!



*Margaret at the Fountain.*

*In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa,  
and in front of it pots of flowers.*

MARGARET (*placing fresh flowers in the pots*).

Oh thou, the sorest pangs that borest,  
On mine look down with face benign!  
With anguish eying thy dear Son dying,  
The sword that pierced His heart in thine,  
Thou to the Father gazest, and sighs upraisest,  
For His and for thy mortal pine.  
Oh, who can feel, as thou, thy agony, that now  
Tears me and wears me to the bone!  
How this poor heart is choked with tears,  
All that it yearns for, all it fears,  
Thou knowest, thou, and thou alone!  
Still wheresoe'er I go, what woe, what woe, what woe  
Is in my bosom aching! When to my room I creep,  
I weep, I weep, I weep; my heart is breaking.  
The bow-pots at my window I with my tears bedewed,  
When over them at morn, to pluck  
These flowers for thee, I stood.  
Brightly into my chamber shone the sun, when dawn grew  
red;  
Already there, all woe-begone, I sat upon my bed.  
Help, sufferer divine! Save me, oh save  
From shame and from the grave!  
And thou, the sorest pangs that borest,  
On mine look down with countenance benign.



*Margaret's Despair.*

SCENE: A DUNGEON.

FAUST (*opens the door*).

She little dreams, that her beloved is near,  
The rattling chains, the rustling straw can hear.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding her face on her pallet*).

They come! Oh bitter death! Oh woe is me!

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! hush! I come to set thee free!

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, hangman, who has given you right,  
To treat me thus—or who could give?  
You fetch me, while 't is yet midnight.  
Oh pity me, and let me live!  
Is daybreak to-morrow not soon enough?  
Go, I am still so young, so young,  
And yet must die!  
Fair, too, they told me, once was I,  
And that was my undoing. He was nigh,  
My own dear love, in those sweet hours.  
But now he's far away from me.  
My wreath is torn, and scattered are its flowers.  
Seize me not with a grasp so rough!  
Spare me, what have I ever done to thee?  
Oh let me not in vain implore!  
I never saw thee all my days before.

FAUST.

Can I survive this miserable hour?

MARGARET.

Now I am wholly in your power,  
To do with me whatever you think best;  
But to the babe first let me give the breast!  
All through the night I coaxed and stilled it:  
They took it from me to vex my brain,  
And now they say, I would have killed it,  
And never shall I be blithe again.  
The people, they sing songs about me,  
To sting me, and flout me.  
Ah! they mean me unkindly by it;  
An old tale ends so. Who bade them apply it?

FAUST (*flings himself on the ground*).

Thy lover here lies prostrate at thy feet,  
To rend these miserable bonds, my sweet!

MARGARET (*throws herself by his side*).

Oh let us kneel to call upon the saints!  
Look! Look! Under the stair!  
Under the door there, the fires of hell  
They seethe, and they roar there! The fiend within  
Furious and fell, is making a din.

FAUST.

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my loved one's voice!

(*She springs up — her fetters fall off.*)

Where is he? Where? I heard him call.

I'm free! I'm free! Let no one try

To stay me. On his neck I'll fall,

Upon his bosom lie!

He called on Margaret! stood there at the door!

Through all Hell's howling and its roar,

Through devilish scoff, and gibe, and groan,

I recognized the sweet, the loving tone!

FAUST.

'T is I!

MARGARET (*clasping him*).

Thou, thou! Oh say it once again!

'T is he, 't is he! Where now are all my pains?

The anguish of the dungeon? Of the chains?

'T is thou! Thou com'st to rescue me! Oh then,

Then I am saved. Oh, now again

Along the street I wander free,

Where first I met with thee;

Am in the cheerful garden, by the gate,

Where for thee I and Martha wait.

FAUST (*trying to force her away*).

Come with me! Come!

MARGARET.

Oh stay!

I like so much to stay, love, where thou stay'st.



*Margaret in Prison.*

FAUST.

Quick, quick, away!  
Oh, if thou wilt not haste, we shall rule dearly the delay!

MARGARET.

How's this?  
Thou canst no longer kiss?  
Parted from me so short a time, and yet  
Thou couldst the way to kiss forget?  
Why do I grow so sad upon thy bosom now,  
When from thy words, thy looks, in other days  
A whole heaven flooded me, and thou  
Didst kiss, as thou wouldest stifle me, always?  
Kiss me, or I'll kiss thee!  
Oh, woe is me!  
Thy lips are cold, they chill me through.  
How! not one word! Where hast thou left  
Thy love? Oh, who  
Has thy poor Margaret of that bereft?

*(Turns away from him.)*

FAUST.

Come, follow me! Take courage, oh my sweet!  
I'll clasp thee to my heart, when this is o'er,  
A thousand times more fondly than before,  
So thou 'lt but follow me. Hence, I entreat!

MARGARET *(turning to him).*

And is it thou, then, thou? And is this true?

FAUST.

Be calm! be still!  
Only one step, and thou art free!  
Thou'rt deaf to all remonstrance, prayer,  
And I perforce must bear thee hence.

MARGARET.

Unhand me! Cruel one, forbear!  
I will endure no violence.  
Lay not this murderous grasp on me.  
Time was, I gave up all to pleasure thee!

FAUST.

The day is breaking! Darling! Darling!

MARGARET.

Ay!

The day, indeed! The last day draweth nigh.  
It should have been my wedding-day. Let no one know,  
That thou hast been with Margaret before.  
Woe to my garland, woe! Already all is o'er.  
Love, we shall meet once more,  
But not in the dance, ah no!  
The multitude, they come!  
So hushed, you cannot hear the hum.  
The lanes, the streets, the square  
Scarce hold the thousands there.  
The bell! Hark to its boom!  
The staff of doom  
Is broken. How they bind me, blind me!  
Now to the seat of blood they drag me off.  
And every neck doth feel the quiver of the steel,  
That's quivering for mine!  
Now lies the world all silent as the grave.

FAUST.

Oh that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears at the door*).

Away!

Away! Or you are lost forever!

MARGARET.

What's that, sprang from the ground? I know its face.  
Send him away! 'tis he! 'tis he!

What should he do in a holy place? He comes for me.

FAUST.

Thou shalt— must live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God!  
Myself unto Thy mercy I resign!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come! Come! How's this? You will not stir?  
I'll leave you in the lurch with her.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father, thine!  
Save me! Ye angels! Ministers of light,  
Compass me round with your protecting might!  
Henry, I shudder as I think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She's judged.

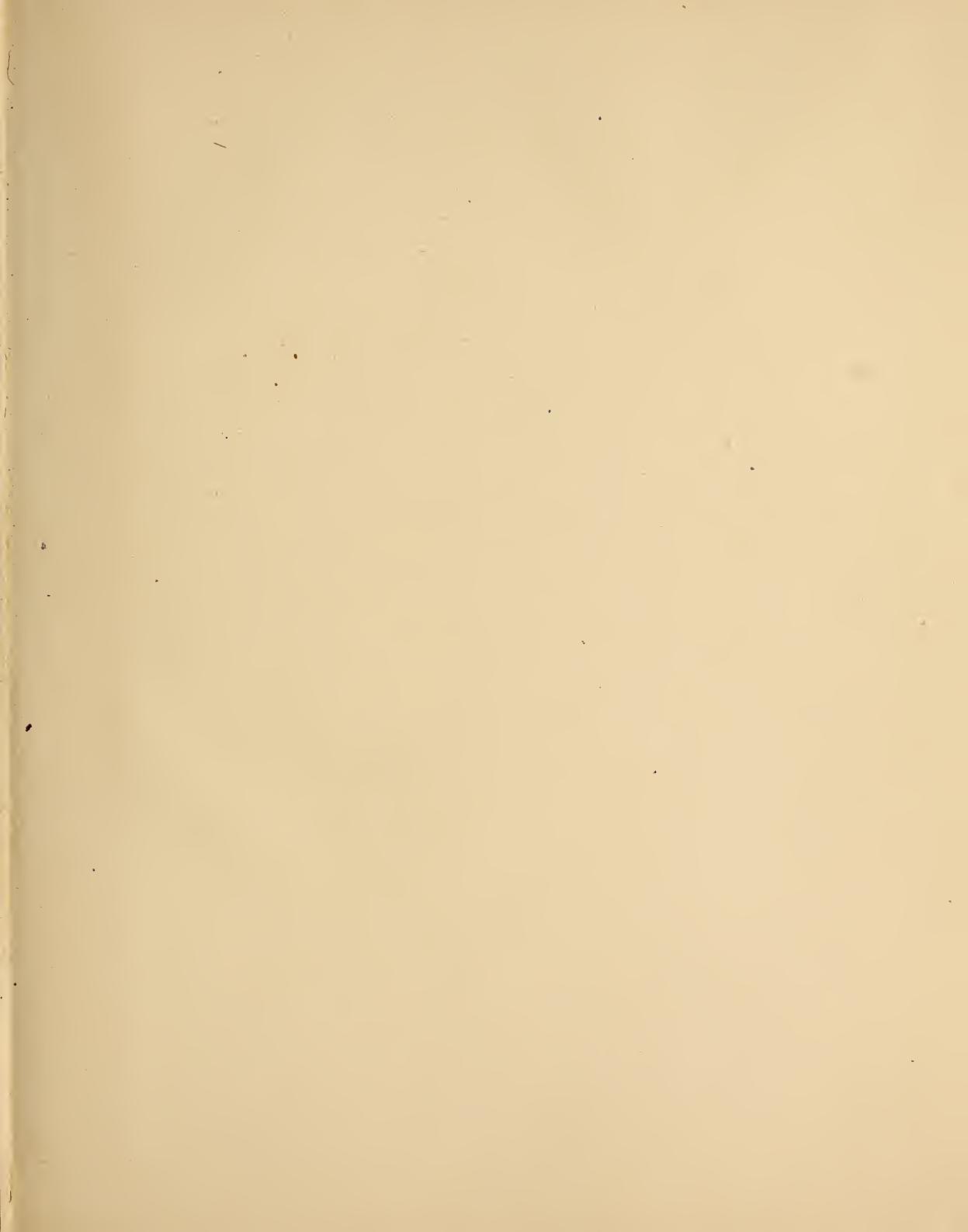
VOICE (*from above*).

She's saved.

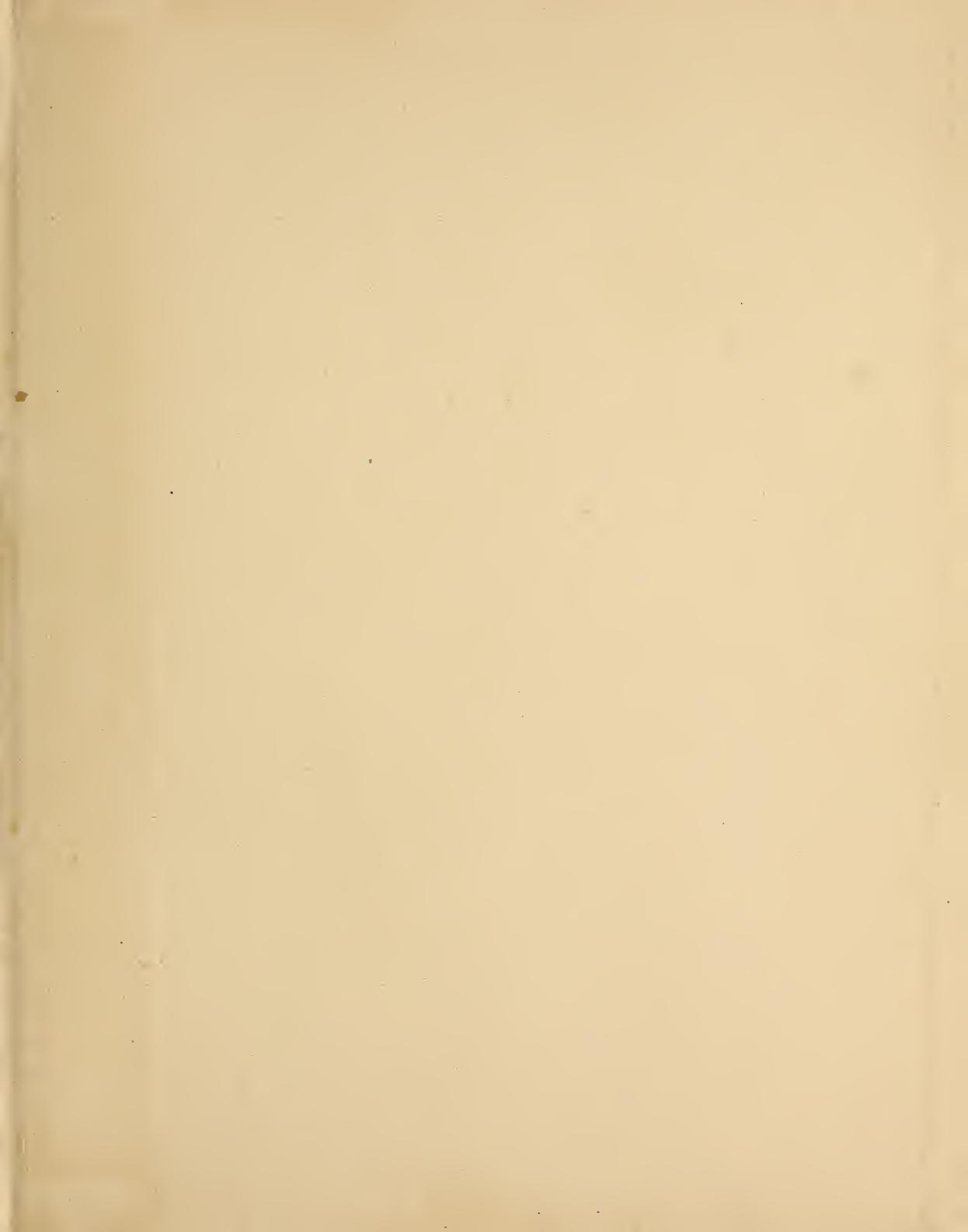
MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Away with me!

(*Disappears with FAUST*.)







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